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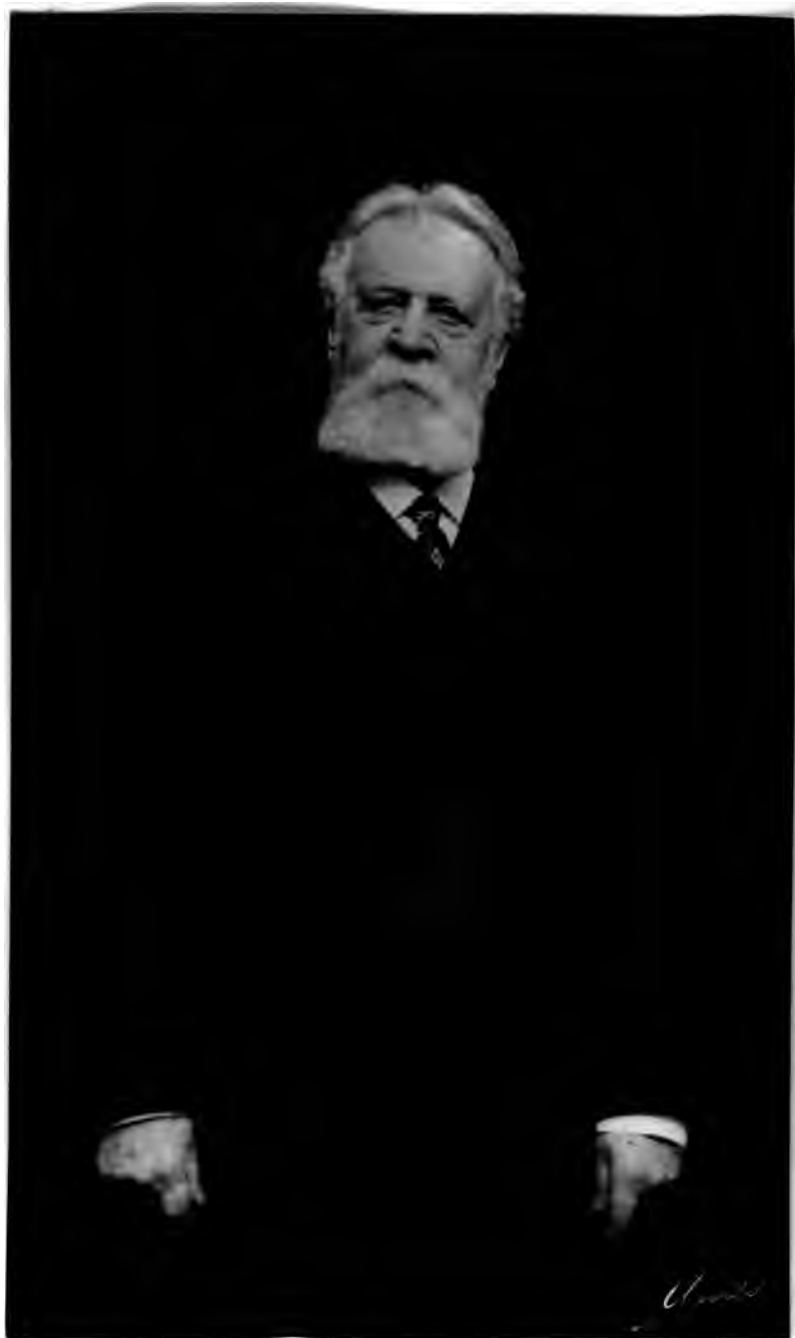
1918

ADDRESSES AT THE
DINNER GIVEN TO
Dr. C. Gaillard Thomas




ADDRESSES AT THE
DINNER GIVEN TO
Dr. C. Gaillard Thomas





T. Gaillard Thomas

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO
Dr. T. Gallard Thomas
on his Seventieth Birthday

A sepia-toned portrait of Dr. T. Gallard Thomas, an elderly man with a full white beard and mustache, wearing a dark suit and tie. The portrait is centered on the page.

*"Time teaches little
When the heart is young."*
—DR. THOMAS

A. J. SHERBEE
NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE



St. Paul and Thomas

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO
Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas
on his Seventieth Birthday

*"Time touches lightly
When the heart is young."*
(OLD PLAY)

A t S H E R R Y ' S
NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST X
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
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1918



T o a s t s



DR. JAMES W. McLANE

“I speak not this in estimation as what I think might
be, but what I know.”—*Henry IV.*

DR. THOMAS

“Wisely silent to your own worth, and therefore
‘twere a sin for others to be so.’ ”

REV. DR. GREER

“Let me be privileged by my place and message to be
a speaker free.”

DR. WEIR MITCHELL

“I’m told you write in public prints ; if true,
It’s nateral you should know a thing, or two.”

JUDGE HOWLAND

“I am one of those genial souls that will use the devil
himself with courtesy.”

DR. WM. H. WELCH

“And indeed I believe no man ever taught better ;
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter.”

DR. GEORGE B. SHATTUCK

“No company can be more amiable, than that of men of
sense, who are Doctors.”

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From hundreds of letters received, and telegrams of congratulation, the Committee have selected the following gem for publication :

CASCABELLA
COLD-SPRING-ON-HUDSON

MY DEAR DOCTOR NICOLL:

The infirmities you wot of forbid me to join in welcoming our friend, Doctor Thomas, to the "Senate of the Seventies."

Let this be my tribute to an occasion that I rejoice to have lived to see : That from the summit of my ancestral years, his course, in a life as open to me as to himself, appears as the day-dreams of my own youth.

Zealous as an associate, faithful as a friend, in my declining years he has unfailingly sought to repay a debt (that was never due) by the devoted affection of a son.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN T. METCALFE.

A D D R E S S E S

AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO
DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS
ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY



DR. McLANE

"I speak not this in estimation as what I think might be, but what I know."—Henry IV.

GENTLEMEN:

The kindness of my associates has accorded me the pleasant task of presiding on this occasion. I deeply appreciate the honor, yet I should be wanting in the sense of relative values if I did not realize that it is worth far more to me than it can be to you.

This is no ordinary occasion. We are not met to celebrate any political victory or party triumph; we are not assembled to commemorate any historic event, nor for any patriotic or public purpose. The physician deals with the events of private life, and this gathering is simply a tribute to the resources of friendship. This is a birthday party, given in honor of one of our own profession, by his brethren, and as there is no happiness higher than to be among one's friends, we trust his cup may to-night be full. It is matter for mutual felicitation that so many of our profession are gathered here. As I look around the room I see men eminent in every branch of medicine, teachers, clinicians, practitioners, many of whom have been the pupils of our guest, or his colleagues in hospital or college work; representatives of the medical schools of this and other cities; members of the other

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

learned professions; all of whom are here to show their esteem and affection for an old and valued friend, and to honor one who has so long been an honor to our profession. I congratulate each one of you as being a participant with every other in these festivities.

In the rush and hurry of our metropolitan life the older men, as they pass from the stage of active service, even though they have been men of the greatest eminence, soon become only a name or a tradition. How often in these days do we hear even the names mentioned of those who but a few years ago were the Nestors and Chesterfields of our profession—Clark, Parker, Flint, Van Buren, Metcalfe? It is fortunate that occasions like this occur—would they did often—to keep such memories green—to unclog the wheels of our lives—and to elevate our work above the level of common drudgery.

The sentiment to which I am asked to speak to-night is “not this in estimation as what I think might be, but what I know.” I am greatly embarrassed by the restrictions placed upon me by the committee, who have told me that I must occupy but a few moments of the time, yet the bare mention of all the good things I know concerning him whose name is uppermost in all our hearts to-night, without any comment, would occupy the entire evening. Moreover, I have been warned not to devastate any of the speeches of the eloquent men who are to follow me by encroaching upon the topics with which they are to deal. Still further, I am embarrassed by the knowledge that many of the things I would like to say can be said of any man only after he is dead, and the sum of his life has been judicially struck.

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

But this is a festive occasion ~~not a funeral~~ and

Insert

Thomas Chace
Nov. 21st 1901

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

learned professions: all of whom are here to show

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

But this is a festive occasion—not a funeral—and I am here not to pronounce a eulogy—nor to tell you of our guest's great abilities as a writer—whose works have run through many editions, and been translated into the French, German, Italian, and Chinese languages. I need not speak to you of his successful career as a physician, or his brilliant achievements as a surgeon. To rehearse these things in his hearing would, I am sure, be most distasteful to him, and "God has given us tongues that we may say pleasant things to our friends."

I am one of his oldest pupils and listened to the first lecture he delivered in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. My long and intimate acquaintance with him, extending over a period of more than thirty-five years, the constant friendship that has existed between us, and my association with him in the Faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, move me to say a few words of him as a teacher and a man.

Possessed of an affluent gift of speech, he was at once a forcible, a magnetic lecturer. But a teacher must be more than a fluent speaker—more than learned, more than good. He must have the personality, the manliness that commands the confidence and challenges the admiration of his pupils. These qualities he possessed in large degree. No man was more beloved by the students, none more highly esteemed by his colleagues in the faculty; no one added more luster to the fame of the school in which he was a professor.

One of his characteristics has always been his hopefulness—that philosophic habit of looking on the bright side of things, and if there was no bright

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

side, of polishing up the dark side. It is no small thing for a physician to be a radiating focus of hopefulness—to make everyone happier who comes within the sphere of his influence, to bring sunshine and gladness to his patients, so that his entrance into the sick room is as though another candle had been lighted.

The eminent Theodore Parker, not long before his death, wrote from Rome: "Oh, that I had known the art of life, or found some book or some man to tell me how to live—to study—to take exercise, etc. But I found none—and so here I am." Our guest has always seemed to me to have known the art of life, how to truly enjoy it, how to live to have the fewest regrets. Perhaps he will tell us to-night the secret.

He has reached to-day the age of three score years and ten, but we are here to tell him, in the language of Dr. Holmes, that to be seventy years young is far more hopeful than to be forty years old. We are none of us as young as we once were.

"Time has scattered the green leaves that were over us all,
But they let in the sunshine as fast as they fall."

We are here to honor him for his long and distinguished career, and for those qualities of mind and heart which have endeared him to us all, and won for him the esteem of this community. I feel that I but echo the sentiments of everyone here when I say—all our hearts warm to him in the glow of an abiding affection.

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

'Tis true Time has scattered upon his brow a few snowflakes, but if you look close you will see nothing that betokens the frost of age.

“ He wants some new garlands for those he has shed,
And these are white roses, in place of the red.”

May the vintage of his life grow riper and sweeter with every setting sun, and may he and his example long continue to brighten the new century.

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

DR. McLANE

Gentlemen: We welcome as our guest to-night Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas. I ask you to fill your glasses and rise to the following toast:

May the gulf-stream of his youth, carrying on its tide health, happiness, honor, love, and troops of friends, long continue to flow—even into the Arctic regions of his life.



DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

"Wisely silent to your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin for others to be so."

DR. McLANE AND GENTLEMEN:

Some men are born egotists; some achieve egotism; and upon some egotism is thrust. In the name of simple justice I declare that, if I score a record in this line to-night, the surpassing kindness of those who surround these tables is entirely to blame.

You entertain me at a most charming banquet; invite gentlemen whom princes would be proud to own as sponsors to speak kindly of my past; and you make me happy by friendly glances which will be forever engraved upon the tablets of my heart. Even this is by no means the full measure of your kindness to me. Deep down in the depths of the heart of every man of proper feeling there lurks the desire to have at the close of his career the approval of the fellows of his guild, be that guild a common trade or one of polite learning. You who have borne to me the relation of brother practitioners and have striven

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

beside me, shoulder to shoulder, in the keen battle of life; and you, who as students have judged me as teacher, writer, and clinical lecturer, have to-night sealed my past career with the imprimatur of your approval. Than this no act of yours could have conferred upon me more real pride and pleasure. Through the whole length of a laborious career, which has now reached a half century; in bright periods and in dark ones, in fair weather and in tempestuous, this approval has ever been the beacon light upon which mine eyes have rested—the prize for which I have striven. Without it all other success would have been like Dead Sea fruit in my hands, and distinction would have been like dross. Thanks to you, this night will, with its pleasant memories, be ever cherished as the proudest era of my existence.

To-night I feel like an old man who looks into the eyes of his sons and thrills with satisfaction and joy that he has still a hold upon their affections. As I look from face to face I see no strangers here; I see the faces of those whose presence in the college halls has filled me with ambition and urged me on to effort; whose attendance in the hospital wards has brought forth by their manifest interest the best that was in me.

As I stand here I look backward down the dim vista of fifty years and see the disembarkation of a young physician of twenty-one from a coasting schooner from South Carolina, without one acquaintance in this great city. It is he who now thanks you for celebrating his arrival at threescore years and ten.

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

As I look I see dimly, like giants enveloped in a mist, the great physicians of the past; the tall, fine figure of the great Valentine Mott, with his classic features and beautiful face; the learned and generous John W. Francis; the courteous Delafield, and the eccentric Martin Paine; later, the striking and attractive Willard Parker, John Murray Carnochan, Alonzo Clark, and James R. Wood; and, later still, Van Buren, Markoe, Barker, Austin Flint, Sayre, and the brilliant and accomplished John T. Metcalfe. All gone except the last, who at the age of 83 years lives in dignified retirement, surrounded by every blessing for which man can ask in his declining years.

And then my thoughts turn to men of my own period of life. Of these there were ten who clustered as aspirants for place around the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the University Medical College. They were George T. Elliott, Donaghe, Sands, Draper, Bumstead, Agnew, Otis, Loomis, Budd, and myself. Of these ten, nine are gone, and I only remain to recall their names. Truly a half century appears like a long time when estimated by those who have fallen during its passage.

But as I continue my retrospective glance, more cheerful reminiscences come to my mind in connection with the wonderful changes which this period has wrought in the science and art of medicine. The science of medicine, founded by Hippocrates in the little Greek island of Cos 400 years before Christ, is now 2,300 years old. Did it ever occur to you that during the last half century, the fifty years in which you and I have been vouchsafed the great privilege of living, there has been done for the advancement and growth of medicine more than was

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

done in the 2,250 years which had preceded them? Think for a moment of the wonders which we have seen effected in and for medicine in that time. We have seen the "Cellular Pathology" of that most eminent of living physicians, Rudolph Virchow, proved true beyond question, and made the basis of a grand and imposing superstructure. We have seen pain annihilated by anæsthesia, so that the human body could lend itself without sensation to the perfection of the surgeon's art; we have seen the vision of the physician so magnified in power as to penetrate the opaque walls of the body; and we have seen surgery, thus aided, lifted from its lowly estate as a mechanic art, and placed almost upon the level of an exact science. We have seen the primordial elements of disease, that bacterial host invisible to the men of old, brought face to face with us by the miracle working microscope; and by preventing their agency in the production of sepsis we have minimized the death-rate of surgical operations, and almost stamped out puerperal fever. Working upon the same lines, we have succeeded in rendering impossible forever those appalling epidemics of the plague, yellow fever, and cholera; those pestilences which for our fathers "walked in darkness," in their gruesome work of decimating the nations of the earth. We have seen the entire field of gynecological surgery, the world over, revolutionized by the eminent labors of Marion Sims, our late associate; and we have seen practical medicine elevated and freed from previous doubt and uncertainty by the wonderful influence of clinical thermometry. We have detected the true pathology of those obscure cases of so-called idiopathic peritonitis, which from

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

the very dawn of time until our day have filled year by year throughout the world, not thousands, but millions of graves, and we have experienced an honest pride in seeing a surgical remedy for appendicitis, their true cause, placed upon an enduring basis by McBurney, a son of New York.

Toward the close of the career of the great Napoleon his followers designated three months "the hundred days of glory." Well may the votaries of medicine in surveying the results of the last half century designate it our "fifty years of glory!" Remember that I have not been enumerating all the great advances made in our noble art in modern times, but only giving examples of those which have made glorious these last fifty years. Will you not then join me in grateful thanks that our destinies have been cast in the most glorious and productive half century for medicine that the world has ever known?

The man who has devoted fifty years of his life to any one subject must have had fixed in his mind some deductions which upon such an occasion as this should be worthy of mention. I venture to cite only two. First, as I have grown old in the ranks of medicine, the conviction has been borne in upon me with yearly increasing force that the noble art of healing, that art which the Saviour of the World delighted to practice, is destined to become in its full development, in spite of the flood of superstition and credulity which on all sides now assails it, one of the chief bulwarks of society; that the wonderful development which has marked the last half century is a reliable harbinger of the future; and that the improved and developed medicine of that future will

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

constitute one of the chief factors in shaping the progress and civilization of the world. Do you ask me "What shall be the sign when these things shall be fulfilled?" I answer, when in the Cabinet of the President of the United States there shall sit a doctor as Secretary of Public Health, whose function it shall be to avail his country of every advance in all that concerns the subject of hygiene; then will a vigorous quarantine guard every harbor of our land; an active police hunt down the knaves who adulterate our food; and well appointed laboratories in every State keep careful watch over the water and milk supplies, which are now annually responsible for millions of deaths.

Second, my respect for my brethren of the medical profession throughout the world, from the prosperous professor, whose home is a metropolis, to the obscure practitioner who plies his arduous calling, trudging the highways with much of labor and little of profit, has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. And the world at large would share my feeling if it knew, as I do, that any one of these men who was willing to barter honor for gold could, by so doing, exchange a life of labor and of small means for one of leisure and of luxury. In medicine the diploma imposes honor upon the physician, even as the gown does upon the priest; and, glory be to God, the degradation of the one is as rare as is that of the other.

I must not detain you longer except for the purpose of thanking you for your exceeding kindness. But how am I to do this when its very magnitude makes me bankrupt in thanks? In a short time I shall leave this brilliantly lighted hall and emerge

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into the darker streets below. When I do so I shall take the initial steps that lead into that decade of man's life which an inspired writer declares will surely be attended by "labor and sorrow." Whether my journey in it be long, or short, be assured that the memories of this night will serve to lighten that labor and give surcease to that sorrow.

My kind, good friends, my dear brothers, from the depths of my heart I thank you!

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

DR. McLANE

You remember the remark of the old philosopher when passing through the crowded bazaar where everything attractive and costly was displayed for sale—"How many things there are in the world that I do not want." We are proud to have with us tonight a member of the clerical profession who must be very wealthy, for a man is said to be rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone.

You may have noticed how he let alone the various bishoprics offered him from time to time, declining them as easily as a man would an invitation to dinner. As you see by the toast, we give him an open field. Gentlemen, I present to you Rev. Dr. Greer.



REV. DR. GREER

"Let me be privileged, by my place and message, to be a speaker free."

Some thirteen years ago, when I came to this city to live, I made the acquaintance of our honored guest as the leader of the drill in the Riding Club. That was the beginning of my admiration for him, because he rode so well. I knew then upon *a priori* grounds that he could not be other than a great and successful physician, for no one who rides well can do anything else ill. That, gentlemen, is the secret of all success. We can not ride a hobby until first of all we have learned to ride a horse, and that is a talent which can not be acquired, it is a natural gift, *eques nascitur non fit*. That is the secret of our friend's

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

success. Perhaps you did not know it before, but I tell it to you now. Perhaps he did not know; successful men seldom do know the secret of their success; but that is it.

But Dr. Thomas is something more than a great equestrian, and, therefore, it is a logical ergo, a great physician and surgeon; for I have not only seen him ride, I have heard him speak, not only this evening, but on several other occasions, and as I have listened I have said to myself: "He is a born orator as well as a born rider"; and if he had only taken to preaching instead of practicing, what sermons he would have preached! Even now it is not too late, Doctor, for you are still a young man, just in the prime of your power, and there are several vacant dioceses—I know at least of one—looking for bishops, as well as important pulpits looking for preachers, any one of which I am sure would be glad to give you a call, and where you would be "privileged, by your place and message, to be a speaker free."

Let us hope, however, for the sake of your fellow citizens, and many admirers among them, that if you do decide to take orders in the church, instead of going elsewhere to fields and pastures new, you will remain to preach to your very much benighted medical brethren here.

But what more shall I say of our honored guest to-night; a born rider, a successful physician, a famous surgeon, a natural orator; is there anything else remaining? Yes, there is, and the best and greatest of all. It is Pascal, I think, who says that sometimes in our reading when we meet with the natural style we are very much delighted and very greatly pleased, because we expected to meet an

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

author and we find a man. That, after all, is the best and most distinctive gift which our friend possesses. That is his grace and his charm, as it is of everyone else, in the masculine sex at least; and the recent municipal election which has turned us right side up, but right side up with care, is a tribute to the power, not of the political boss or the political machine, but of that sterling and sturdy manliness which so conspicuously appeared in the conduct of the campaign, and gave that issue to it in which we all rejoice.

May I ask you then to fill your glasses and drink the health to-night of our honored guest and friend, the graceful rider, the famous physician, the skillful surgeon, the born orator, and last and best of all, the sterling and manly man!

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

DR. McLANE

The next toast will be responded to by a distinguished member of our profession, whose eminence as a physician has in these latter years been even surpassed by his brilliant success in literature, which has won the admiration and applause of us all and made his name a household word.

I present to you Dr. Weir Mitchell, who wears the triple crown of physician, poet, philosopher.



DR. WEIR MITCHELL

*"I'm told you write in public prints ; if true,
It's nateral you should know a thing or two."*

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I saw with dismay that the quotation which I am to use as text humorously implies that Dr. Thomas and I contribute, it does not say what, to the newspapers. We may be very bad men, but we do not do that, and so I take the leave to set aside this calumny and wander whither I will. I am given, as I was told, ten minutes in which to speak of some fifty years—of the life of a busy worker. I do not observe that the chairman, or my clerical friend, held strictly to this rule, but perhaps that was the result of habit.

Less time would suffice to congratulate a man upon having reached his seventieth year—for indeed that is no subject for gratulation—I am even older and observe in that fact no cause for rejoicing. It is not a man's years, but the use made of them, that is worth consideration. Now that is quite another

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

matter. If time be money, the gold of these, my friend's seventy years, has been well spent, or I like better to say, well invested.

I asked myself to-day why such meetings as this are sometimes needed. It is very gay and pleasant—but behind this social charm is a larger meaning. In this country the honors of place, of judgeships, cabinet office, embassies, etc., fall to the bar. Now and then literature has its reward, and college presidents are selected for honorable employ. The destroyers who are educated to kill men and ruin property have their share of honors, medals, promotion, and prize money. This is all very well. But where do we come in? We run risks quite as great as those run by sailor, or soldier, have too our share of wounds and deaths, but go our way unrewarded.

It is, therefore, wise and just that now and then we meet, as we do here, to say to some one high in the peerage of medicine, Well done, good and faithful servant of the Master.

Personally, I confess to great pleasure in thus congratulating my friend and in saying for myself and my own city what we think of one who represents the highest science and the best skill of medicine, a heart which is as good as his head, and, too, those other qualities which Philip Sydney sums up in these words:

“His life gathered no cunning arts, but rather a divine and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labor and learning, but adorned by both.”

How pretty that is, how true, and how delightful to be honestly able to quote it about a physician.

ADDRESSES AT THE DINNER GIVEN

There are many sides to the life of a man like your guest. Some I leave for praise to those who have been his pupils, or who are in his own peculiar line of work.

But as to one characteristic I must put in a claim. It is one not rare among us, but in all cases, as in this one, carries with its use the peculiar quality of the man's heart.

I have in mind that large charity which in private or in the wearying wards is common among physicians. Here, in this case, it has the charm of a certain genial kindliness, of a never-ending, inexhaustible courtesy; the beautiful adornments of an unceasing charity. I have personally seen how reassuring is this delightful temperamental contribution; how it carries to the bedside with the sense of security the certainty that all will be done that can be done. And how supremely careless of all this endless giving of time and brains and heart 'is the general public. A man like my friend gives to the sick-poor the very tithes of a life, and it is all lightly taken for granted by the philanthropist and the patient. It is not so elsewhere, and in other lands. Directly, or indirectly the foreign hospital-surgeon is duly paid for his work as we never are.

Our own Agnew once said "That it was well for us that we have to do so much unpaid work." That is true, and many here know how generously in private and in public my friend has given of his best and how like the physician of whom Sumerville speaks:

"He knew to understand
The poor man's call as God's command."

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

But, indeed, this is all an old story and repeats itself ever since that able Samaritan surgeon crossed the road to offer his unpaid service. In some future, selfish day we may perhaps weary of being vicariously charitable for a lazy public. Then, no doubt, we shall form a trust, or, perhaps, inaugurate strikes, the consequences of which I leave to be realized by your unassisted imagination.

What men like Dr. Thomas give so freely calls to my mind another matter of interest, never, so far as I know, dwelt upon elsewhere.

Suppose that you were to ask what number of patients the reputation of your guest has brought to this city in fifty years. Then let us consider what these people spent in a great variety of ways, and you will see what may be the mere commercial value of a great surgeon, or physician, to a community which, first of all things, considers commercial values.

Now multiply this use of a man. Take what the men here present call to this city every year and again estimate the moneys so left to New York. It would be a sum incredibly large.

Mr. Chairman, I shall detain you no longer than to say in a few words how truly I thank you for this opportunity to say in person what I think of the man who is your guest to-night. I have said that he was representative of all the qualities we honor in the great men of our guild.

Do you ask for intellect? His books, his lectures, his pupils assure us as to that—and the cool head and the practiced hand of the surgeon—these, too, he has, and those better things which are the golden setting

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of the intellectual jewels, honor, truth, and what Decker calls "the sweetness of a fine courtesie," and not least, that large tenderness which is like a moral anæsthetic and casts out fear where anxiety awaits the surgeon's verdict. Has he not all of these?

TO DR. T. GAILLARD THOMAS

DR. McLANE

The next speaker needs no introduction to any assemblage, civic, political, literary, religious or professional. He is well known of all men and always speaks for himself. He has one of those two-storied heads that Oliver Wendell Holmes talks about, the upper story being commodious and fully occupied. I take great pleasure in presenting to you Judge Howland.



JUDGE HENRY E. HOWLAND

"I am one of those genial souls that will use the devil himself with courtesy."

I was trained in the old Puritanical school which taught that all the pleasures of life were wicked or indigestible, and it is, therefore, always a source of great comfort to me to consult a physician at dinner.

If by word or expression he conveys no note of warning, self-indulgence can run to the limit and he is an ever present help in time of trouble, but collectively he is formidable, especially if one has to talk to him.

In looking at this audience I can but echo the sentiment of the colored bride who reclined upon her husband's shoulder in the train and looking up into his face exclaimed with all the ardor of newly wedded bliss: "Ain't you ashamed to be so handsome!" I feel that in accepting your invitation I am in the position of the young Scotch lover who brought his sweetheart home to introduce her to his family, and

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his old father, on looking her critically over, remarked: "Well, I think you have shown much better taste than she has," and my feeling of embarrassment here is expressed in the same way that Oliver Herford's was when he found himself in the City of Churches:

"In the midst of life we are in Brooklyn!"

Anyone who has been talking as much as I have during the late municipal campaign feels like indulging in vociferous silence for a time at least, taking warning from that experience of Chief Justice Hawkins (the wit of the English bench), who, after listening to a long, exhaustive and exhausting argument by a distinguished Queens Counsel, noted for his prosi-ness, wrote on a slip of paper and sent it down to him by an attendant; upon opening it he read:

"Patience competition, Blue Ribbon, Chief Justice Hawkins, Honorable Mention, Job."

Whereupon he closed his brief and sat down.

But I would hazard anything for the pleasure of paying a tribute from my profession to yours, and my personal homage of sincere affection and high regard to one of your most distinguished representatives, whom it is one of my proudest distinctions to call my friend.

It is in accord with the eternal fitness of things that one who has assisted in furnishing so many birthdays to others should have one of his own, and that his countless friends should meet at his caudle party, drink the posset and wish him health, prosperity and length of days, for he is so made up that youth, like hope, springs eternal in his breast.

It is characteristic of all the learned professions that they should have such examples as he presents

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as well as those of a different sort. He has taken his position by native birthright. There are others who resemble the young poet who boastfully exclaimed, "The true poet is born and not made"; "That's right," said his friend, "lay the blame on your poor father and mother."

It has been the fashion from time immemorial to make what are known as the learned professions the subject of caustic wit and biting satire, on the stage, in literature and by a jealous outside world, as, for instance, that in the present stage of theological controversy a man to be perfectly safe as to his hereafter should join eight different churches; that if a lawyer exhibited a disposition to turn from legal controversy toward higher things, as when Mr. Durant, of Boston, a brilliant advocate, abandoned the law and became a clergyman, "that lawyers always turned state's evidence at last," and their proper treatment would be—as Shakespeare says in *King Henry VI.*—"The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers," and that, in your case, at least with the German contingent of it, that while skilled in diagnosis the next interest is in the post-mortem to verify it, and that any untoward outcome could be met by the consoling assurance of a physician to a mother whose child he had been attending—"Madam, you have at least the satisfaction of knowing that your child died cured."

We have reason to congratulate ourselves that since Adam ate the apple and received word that his resignation would be accepted, our professions are necessary evils, made so by the weaknesses of human kind, and that the three graces—Law, Physic and Divinity—which care for the mind, body and estate,

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owe their existence to a salutary love for fruit, on the part of the founder of the human race. The world is at liberty to let us alone and take the risk, like the man who was heard by his wife—a masterful woman—from her sitting-room, making a noise down cellar, and she exclaimed: “You, James, what are you making such a noise for?” “Well,” he replied in a faint voice, “I guess I can fall down the cellar stairs if I want to.” That which Byron says of your profession is true of all when the stress comes—

Physicians end or mend us
Secundum artem ; but although we sneer
In health, when ill we call them to attend us
Without the least propensity to jeer.

In the great progress that the world has made in the increase of population, development of material resources, in its wonderful discoveries, in the promotion of human welfare, improvement and development of the race, so that in this country at least everyone seems to be a human automobile, and, like the Chicago man, is so energetic that before he gets started he leaves his brilliant future behind him, the profession you represent has alone kept pace with the spirit of the time, and this from the very necessity of things. The gladsome light of jurisprudence, as Sir Edward Coke called it, is but the copy, more or less imperfect, of the eternal law so far as we can read it, and it is only in the forms of procedure that improvement can be made, for principles in their ideal state are immutable and “have their seat in the bosom of God and their voice is the harmony of the world,” and the same is true of the sacred calling in which

The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipped cream of courtly sense.

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is only employed to divine its lessons and interpret them to mankind. Yours is bound by no such limitations—your sphere is as wide as the variations in mankind and the diseases to which he is heir. Your wonderful advance in surgery, in discoveries of the causes, treatment and cure of disease have kept pace with the progress of the material world outside, with the result that the average of human life is lengthened, and if they had come earlier the world would have been more crowded than it is to-day. You have even imparted intelligence to your remedial agents, for a patient was heard to remark, “I have taken a powder for my liver, a pill for my stomach and a pellet for my gouty foot, and the thing that puzzles me is to understand how they know where to go to when they get inside.” It is within the range of imagination that you might reach such perfection that death might be indefinitely postponed; but that is too wide a flight, and your work, however faithfully continued, will remain undone.

But I am wandering from my subject and my discourse is getting to be like a Mother Hubbard dress—covering everything and touching nothing. I am here to pay a tribute of admiration and affection to one who challenges the friendship and regard of everyone who knows him, as the sun draws a response from tree and flowers, the gentle rain from the thirsty earth, or gentle woman from susceptible and admiring man. To a rare skill in his profession, which has written his name high in its recorded annals, second to none of those of the great men with which they are adorned, he has united those qualities of open-handed generosity, high-mindedness, simplicity, kindness, helpfulness and cheerfulness

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which excite the admiration and win the love of all mankind. We who know him best are aware that he has that better portion of a good man's life—

* * * "That better portion of a good man's life,
The little nameless unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love"

—of which the world knows nothing.

No one ever called on him in vain for public service, or private effort, in a good cause; he was never a drafted recruit, but always a volunteer; never a follower but always a leader, abounding in hopefulness, never despairing, high-spirited, inspiring and contagious in his sympathy and effort to advance the right, or to attack a wrong. I have known him for as many years as constitute a generation. I have experienced at his hand the blessings of all those qualities I have mentioned. I hold him in my heart as an ideal friend. I picture him as I shall always remember him,—in his favorite pastime, well mounted, firm in his seat, at the head of the column with head erect and charging with voice ringing clear for God and the right. Enthusiasm and kindness conjoined are his nature, generosity and a wise exercise of it are characteristics of him. He could no more harbor meanness or suspicion, than a fair apple tree could bear pignuts or thistles. It was the boast of a famous German scientist that disease was created for the training and development of the physician, that his work was so valuable and important that it was better to suffer and languish, than that he should be without material for his perfection. I submit to you, gentlemen of the medical profession, that every high quality that should distinguish a physician and a man exists, that Dr. Thomas in his person may prove them.

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DR. McLANE

Of all the pupils of him whom we honor to-night, none has made more valuable contributions to the literature of our profession, and none has worked more steadily and conscientiously for the advancement of its scientific side, than the gentleman who is to respond to the next toast. I present to you Professor Welch, of the Johns Hopkins University.



DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH

*"And indeed I believe no man ever taught better;
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter."*

Much as I questioned the wisdom of the committee in inviting me to be one of the speakers on this occasion, and conscious as I am of my inability to respond adequately to the toast assigned to me, I, nevertheless, did not feel at liberty to decline the invitation. For I am indebted to Dr. Thomas in so many ways and for so much, and I cherish for him so high a degree of esteem and affection, that I could not refuse, if those who arranged for this celebration thought that what I might say could add anything to the tributes which are paid to-night so deservedly to our guest.

I have had the good fortune to be present recently in New York at two large dinners in honor of distinguished medical men, at one of which the man whom we honored was absent. The occasion is certainly a much happier one when he is present, but it is easier to speak freely words of praise when these are uttered about a man, rather than to him. If there

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must be embarrassment, however, from this cause to-night, it is better that it should fall upon the recipient of our praises, than that the truth should not be told.

The words of the toast assigned to me fit the theme upon which I have been asked more particularly to speak—Dr. Thomas, as a medical teacher. This is only one side, but an important side of our guest's manifold professional activity.

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Thomas's work as a teacher dates from my student days at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, a little over a quarter of a century ago, when he had already attained world-wide fame and his lecture room was crowded to the doors. But it is of interest to consider for a moment some of the steps by which he had risen to such eminence as a teacher. Of these I have not full information, but I have been so fortunate in days gone by as to hear Dr. Thomas tell something of his early experiences, and, of course, much is a matter of record.

As our guest has publicly confessed to his age, I may say that it was as far back as 1856 when, after completion of a thorough medical education in this country and in Europe, and after prolonged experience as resident physician in Bellevue and the Ward's Island Hospitals, Dr. Thomas at the outset of his independent professional career in New York established a "quiz class." This class was the second of its kind in New York and it achieved unusual success, numbering very soon sixty students. While doubtless the income derived from this source was an important consideration to the young doctor, this undertaking afforded to him the opportunity to show

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his capacity as a successful teacher, and it led to something higher and more important.

It is a defect in our system of medical education that young men who feel the impulse to follow an academic career have no such opportunity to make manifest their fitness as teachers and investigators, as is afforded by the Privat-Docent system of the German universities and the extra-mural teaching of the Scottish universities. Our quiz system is a poor substitute for these, and it has often been subject to serious abuses, but occasionally it has served the useful purpose of bringing to the front some young man of promise, whose gifts as a teacher might otherwise have remained unknown. I do not believe that in any event Dr. Thomas's remarkable ability as an instructor would have long remained unrecognized, but it is true that the unusual success of his private teaching was the immediate occasion of his appointment as adjunct lecturer in the University of New York, and that this was soon followed by his appointment as visiting physician to Bellevue Hospital.

It was in Bellevue Hospital in these early days when Dr. Thomas established that class in diagnosis, which was continued for several years and which marked a real reform in medical education in this city, the memory of which should not be allowed to die out. Here each student was assigned a patient, whom he was to examine by all means known at the time—by sight, by inquiry, and by physical and chemical methods. The plan of the course was a new one here, although it has since become familiar, and I have heard Dr. Thomas pronounce this the best work of the kind which he has ever done. Certainly it was important work, especially important when we con-

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sider the condition of medical education at that time and how rare was the opportunity for the student to come into direct personal contact with the object of study. There are physicians here to-night who enjoyed the advantages of Dr. Thomas's course in medical diagnosis, and I know that they recall them with gratitude and enthusiasm.

There has been mentioned here to-night the name of one intimately associated with Dr. Thomas's early success as a physician, one to whom our guest has often in public and in private expressed his indebtedness, and who has sent by letter in a few apt words his characteristically happy tribute for this celebration. I refer to Dr. John T. Metcalfe, that admirable gentleman and doctor, of delightful humor, of singular personal charm, a type of the best in our profession. I recall with what delight we listened to the all too few lectures which he occasionally gave at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, when I was a student. I am sure that it is the wish of our guest, as it is ours, that we should honor also upon this occasion his intimate friend and associate of many years, Dr. Metcalfe.

It was, of course, as the Professor of Obstetrics, and especially as the Professor of Gynecology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, that Dr. Thomas became most widely known as a medical teacher. While holding these important chairs, he built up that fame which is the proud possession not only of this college, but also of the entire medical profession of this country. It is surely unnecessary for me to attempt to characterize Dr. Thomas's work as a teacher during this period, so familiar must it be to the great majority of those here present. Every student of

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the college in those days and many more will recall that lecture room crowded as no other in New York, where he must come early who would secure a seat, where old practitioners and even theological students were present in numbers. He can not have forgotten the clearness, the grace, the felicity of expression, the contagious enthusiasm of the lecturer. Much of his instruction was of that best kind—objective, demonstrative teaching, based upon a rich experience and with emphasis upon the important points.

It was a time when most of the medical instruction was in the form of purely didactic lectures, but nearly a quarter of a century ago Dr. Thomas in his Anniversary Discourse before the New York Academy of Medicine expressed such sound views upon medical education that I cannot refrain from reading a few of his sentences in this connection: "Let us teach," he says, "our students more in the laboratory and at the bedside, and less in the didactics of the lecture room. Let us teach them rather how to study disease by the aid of all the exact methods at our disposal, than fill their minds with the teachings of books. Let us make them work and observe; let us inspire them with a spirit of personal inquiry and incite them to personal investigations." . . . These words of Dr. Thomas are sound gospel, which needed to be preached boldly when they were uttered, and the time has not wholly passed when it needs to be preached.

But large as were the audiences which listened to Dr. Thomas's eloquent voice, they were small in comparison with that audience to which he spoke through his writings, and especially through his memorable text-book on "The Diseases of Women,"

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a work which passed through five editions under his own supervision, was translated into many foreign tongues, and was sold to the extent of over sixty thousand copies. This work extended the fame of its author throughout the civilized world. It is outside of my theme to consider the merits of this book, which gained such a conspicuous success, or to call to mind Dr. Thomas's special contributions to obstetrics and gynecology, nor am I competent to do this; but it has seemed to me pertinent to point out that Dr. Thomas, as a teacher, by his voice and by his writings has reached an audience of a size and a distribution which very few, if any other, American medical teachers and authors have reached.

Then there is that narrower and more intimate circle of those who served under Dr. Thomas in the wards and operating rooms of the Woman's Hospital and his private hospital and those who were associated with him as assistants in his private practice. These were the ones who received the best of his teachings and who have good reason to be grateful to him for guidance, instruction and help in starting on their professional careers. Dr. Thomas has been especially helpful to young men beginning their life-work in medicine, and to many he has been able to render that kind of assistance which he himself received from Dr. Metcalfe. I see here to-night men who have become leaders in their special fields of work, who are proud to call Dr. Thomas their teacher, master, and father in medicine. There can be no higher gratification to a teacher than the assurance that he has contributed by his example, instruction and aid to the success of his pupils, and it must be a source of intense satisfaction to Dr. Thom-

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as that so many of his students have attained excellent positions in the medical profession. Especially must he rejoice in the success of those who have been his personal assistants, such men as Drs. Henry F. Walker, Henry D. Nicoll, James B. Hunter, Clement Cleveland, S. B. Jones, Matthew D. Mann, P. F. Chambers, Alexander S. Clarke, Stewart Paton, Andrew J. McCosh, Henry McM. Painter, Churchill Carmalt, and others who might be mentioned.

To one side of Dr. Thomas's professional work I should like to bear testimony from long personal knowledge, and that is the importance which he has always attached to accurate diagnosis of his cases and his interest in careful and full pathological reports upon his specimens.

Above all to-night, we the friends and admirers and colleagues of Dr. Thomas have in our minds on this occasion the excellent and lovable personal characteristics of the man who exemplifies the highest ideals of the gentleman and the physician. We recognize in you, sir, one of the great ornaments of our profession, one to whom we have long looked as a leader, one whom we are always glad to put forward as our representative on important public occasions—always the true gentleman, the noble physician, the beloved friend. I join with your many pupils and friends and associates in offering you our heartiest congratulations upon this happy anniversary and in wishing you many years of continued health and happiness and prosperity.

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DR. McLANE

No dinner would be complete without a representative from Boston. You will all readily assent to the proposition contained in the sentiment regarding the amiability of doctors, and I know of no one better qualified to demonstrate that proposition, than Dr. Geo. B. Shattuck, of the Harvard Medical School.



DR. GEORGE B. SHATTUCK

"No company can be more amiable, than that of men of sense, who are doctors."

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

To a gentle soul coming from what, after reading some of the speeches at your recent Chamber of Commerce dinner, I suspect many of you here regard as the province called New England and the suburb known as Boston—to such an one it is comforting to be assured by your President that he is surrounded not only by men of sense, but also by men of amiability. For to the last speaker at a dinner, as to the last victim of a multiple execution, an amiable sympathy is most essential.

Mr. President, this celebration to-night reminds me that some eighteen years ago a somewhat similar dinner was given here in New York under the auspices of the foremost men at that time in your medical fraternity. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was then about retiring from the Professorship of Anatomy in the Harvard Medical School which he had so

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long filled. Some of you had the happy thought of offering him a dinner. Dr. Thomas, if I remember rightly, was chairman of the committee of arrangements; and the dinner was a great success. Among the sentiments to which expression was given on that occasion were the following:

“Dr. Holmes had taught them this important lesson, that the man who becomes distinguished as a physician need not rest there, need not remain a man of one view or of one idea. He had bridged over that chasm which from time immemorial has existed between the medical profession and the world, had done much to bring the profession of medicine into pleasant, agreeable contact with society at large.”

I do not know whether Dr. Thomas recognizes these sentiments, but they were his own; and I venture, after these many years, to bring them back from New England and offer them for his acceptance. Has not he, too, taught the important lesson that the man who becomes distinguished as a physician need not rest there, need not remain a man of one view or of one idea? Has not he, too, done some bridge building, and, in common with his former colleague, Dr. John T. Metcalfe, with whom I have personally the most delightful associations, done much to bring the profession of medicine into pleasant, agreeable contact with society at large? Dr. Holmes himself would have explained the secret of the success of these two men, in this particular, by the fact that they “were born just near enough the sun to ripen well.” However that may be, it is doubtless true that the atmosphere of New York added a still more mellow refinement to the earlier process. For I find among New Yorkers with a

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medical training several eminent instances of the statement that the physician need not rest there, need not remain a man of one view or of one idea. It was a New York doctor who invented the first elevated railroad, and was active in its application. Another devised one of the earliest of the rapid firing guns, more deadly than any strictly medical process with which we are acquainted, a terror in war and a temptation to peace. But of them all no instance probably would appeal more strongly to Dr. Thomas than that of Dr. Whitman, who emigrated from New York to our Pacific Coast in the very early forties. In 1842 Dr. Whitman made that famous ride from Oregon to our National Capital, which at that time meant three months of continuous hardship to man and beast, and by his intelligent and emphatic representations to the national authorities saved to this country the magnificent possession now comprised in our extreme northwestern States. As an achievement on horseback this far surpasses, and in its results it surely deserves to be classed with the well-known ride of my distinguished fellow townsman, Paul Revere.

I need not refer more precisely to your guest's known interest in the horse, and if, as we have been told by an eminent authority, "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man," then we have an additional, though unnecessary assurance that Dr. Thomas is indeed quite replete with sweetness and light. From what my predecessors have said, it is indeed plain that what has been lost to the church and the bar and the forum—and perhaps to the cavalry—has been gained to the profession of medicine.

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Mr. President, I fully realize that the night is far spent, and I purpose to be brief, but lest I lay myself open to your charge that the speakers on such an occasion as this talk about anything except the toast to which they are bidden, permit me a few words, before closing, about the amiability and good sense, in a word, the good companionship and good fellowship of doctors. Accepting without reserve the truth of your statement, it is perhaps worth while to inquire why it is true. Though doctors in the exercise of their profession see much that is fine, and noble, and self-sacrificing in human nature, it is unquestionably a fact that they are brought very much in contact with the material side of human existence, with much of human frailties and weaknesses, with much that is depressing and discouraging; whence then this good sense, this amiability, this good companionship? I believe we may attribute it in large measure to the conviction which his studies and pursuits bring home to the doctor, that the world and mankind are governed by law. Some of these laws he can grasp, at others he can only guess, whilst of others, though perhaps recognizing their operation, he must confess himself ignorant. But he holds fast to the conviction and goes on his way rejoicing, without exultation and without bravado, but at the same time without timidity and without shrinking, unfrightened by the shadows which cast themselves across his path, and doubtless bearing in his heart those lines of Clough:

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so!

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